

## Forbidden Friendship

by 8711

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-11-05 19:52:08

Updated: 2011-11-05 19:52:08

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:02:33

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 981

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: What was going on in Hiccup's mind during this scene.

## Forbidden Friendship

\*\*This is the best scene in the movie! Well, in my opinion. ;) Honestly, I could just sit and watch this scene by itself over and over. X) It's so good. :D\*\*

\*\*(Hiccup's POV)\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The corners of his mouth uplift, and his face distorts into an imitation of my smile. His lack of teeth makes the expression comical.</p>

Toothless.

Amazed, I hesitantly lift my hand towards his. But immediately his grin turns into a grimace, and he lets out a low growl, before swooping away across the lake.

I'm not content to remain where I am though. I get to my feet and make my way around the lake to where he lays on the ground that has been scorched with a stream of fire from his own throat. I sit cross-legged a few feet away from him. He glances over at me, and I give him a small wave. I'm positive that he returns it with an annoyed expression, before resting his head and covering his face with the tip of his disfigured tail. I feel a slight twinge of guilt as I remember that it was I who did it, even though it was an accident. But I slowly reach out to try and touch the leathery fin.

As if he had been anticipating it, he lifts his tail and glares at

me. I quickly get to my feet and saunter away, aware of the fact that he is doing the same. We simultaneously arrive on opposite sides of the lake, and I glance back at him. He leaps into a tree, and entwines his tail around a thick branch, before lowering himself upside down like a bat.

I smile to myself, before sitting on a thick log. I watch him for a few minutes as he attempts to sleep. A mixture of awe and fear well up within me. Even though he isn't going to let me approach him, this is the closest I've ever been to a dragonâ€"that hasn't tried to kill me.

I long to know what those scales feel like, to go up and touch the dragon. But instead, I turn my back to him, though instinct told me I should have kept my guard.

I decide to wait. He would eventually have to wake up, and I could always try again.

Absently, I pick up a dry stick laying a few inches away, and begin to doodle in the sand. Before I realize it, I've started a picture of the dragon.

There is a burst of hot air above my head. My eyes widen involuntarily, and I eye the beast that suddenly appeared behind me, before quickly looking back down at my work in the sand. I do my best to ignore him, and continue drawing until before me lies a picture of him.

He leans his head down very close to mine, as if examining the image. Then he raises up and pads away on his hind legs. I watch him in wonder, as he clamps his jaws around the trunk of a small tree. He leans his head forward, and the trunk snaps in half.

He then drags it back to where I sit, using the end to make an impression in the soft soil. The image twists and loops as he pulls it around, keeping me in the center. He comes very close, and lightly brushes me on the head with the willowy leaves and branches, apparently amused.

At last, he comes to a stop and sets the trunk on the ground. He gives a small nod, as if satisfied by his work. My mouth hangs open, as I stand up to look at the swirling image he made.

In my haste to see it all, I step onto the upturned soil. He hunkers down and growls, and I quickly draw back. I lift my foot off the ground, and he immediately ceases growling and begins to make a gurgling sound in his throat as he smiles.

I blink. Was he trying to tell me something?

Experimentally, I place my foot back on the impression in the ground. He growls in return. I raise my foot again. He smiles. Foot down, growl. Foot up, smile. With a smile of my own, I step over the impression onto the flat ground, and he gives a gurgle of approval

It was like a game.

Understanding now, I begin to make my way across the images, twisting

and using my feet to make sure I didn't touch the upturned soil. It was almost like a dance.

In a matter of moments I reached the end. I twisted one last time, before halting as I heard a low snort behind me, and again felt hot air over my head. Slowly, I turn to face the dragon. He lowers his head, the better to fix me with his great, green eyes.

I couldn't help myself. Slowly, I extended out my hand to touch him.

He moves his head back, giving the slightest of growls. I immediately draw back a little, and he stops growling and gazes bashfully down at me.

I couldn't give up now. Not when we were so close.

With a deep breath, I close my eyes and turn my head away, lengthening out my arm, and keeping my hand outstretched with my palm facing him.

I hold my breath, aware that my fingers are mere inches from his ebony scales. I can feel the heat emanating from his body. A single second passes, which seemed to last for eternity.

And then he moves, pressing his nose against my palm.

Everything within me quivers, and I flinch slightly in shock. Cautiously, I look back at him.

He pulls away, opening his eyes which had been closed. Then he huffs and is gone.

End  
file.